

Smash the Axis  
Buy Bonds  
and Stamps

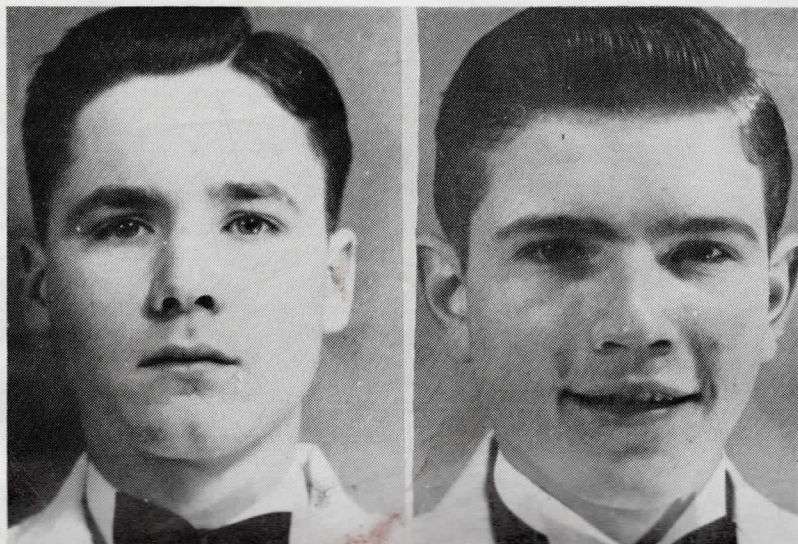
# THE BAYONET

Good Luck  
To Our  
Graduates

VOL. 1

FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA, SATURDAY, MAY, 29, 1943

No. 12



## THEY HEADED PUBLICATIONS

Pictured above are William C. Stuart, III, and John C. Jansing, who had charge of all student publications during this school year. Stuart was formerly editor-in-chief of the Bayonet but resigned in April to accept the editorship of the Recall. For the remainder of the year he has remained on the Bayonet staff as assistant editor-in-chief. Jansing, Stuart's room-mate, succeeded him as the Bayonet editor and also as the business manager of the 1943 Recall.

## NAVY ANNOUNCEMENT

The Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board announces the enlistment of Henry Saylor Brumley, who will graduate from here in June. This enlistment was made under the Navy's new plan for the enlistment of 17-year-old high school seniors and graduates in Class V-5.

When he graduates from AMA and reaches the age of 18, he will become eligible for call to active duty and for transfer to the rating of Naval Aviation Cadet, at \$75.00 per month. He will undergo a course of approximately 14 months of ground school and actual flying, upon successful completion of which he will be commissioned in either the Naval Reserve or the Marine Corps Reserve for active service.

High school seniors or graduates 17 years of age but not yet 18, are eligible for enlistment as Apprentice Seamen, V-5 U.S. Naval Reserve, and can obtain particulars by contacting their high school principal or by writing this board.

Brumley hopes to fly a Navy patrol bomber on active duty.

The Navy also announces that Kenneth J. Schroeder, who was a member

of the class of 1937, has successfully completed the intensive training at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, N. C.

At the Pre-Flight School the 11-week course included physical conditioning, athletics, military drill, instruction in the essentials of Naval Service and ground school subjects. After three months of primary flying and three additional months of advanced flying, he will be eligible for a commission as an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve or Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve, and the coveted "Gold Wings" of a Naval Aviator.

## SURPRISE BLACKOUT

A surprise blackout was staged here on the night of Wednesday, May 19th during an electrical storm. The blackout, probably the last to be held here this school year, was met with orderly and quick response from the cadets. The blackout arrived at about the same time that S.M.A.'s final ball was to start. We are wondering how their figure looked in the dark!

## FINALS

The Commencement Program for Finals 1943 is announced as follows:

### Saturday, May 29th

5:00 P. M. Dress Parade

7:00 P. M. Moving Pictures

### Sunday, May 30th

9:30 A. M. Guard Mount "A" Company

11:30 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon; Old Stone Church

Rev. E. J. Woolf, D.D., Staunton, Virginia

5:00 P. M. Dress Parade

5:30 P. M. Sacred Concert in the Circle

7:00 P. M. Reception and Buffet Supper at "White Hall" for Alumni, Patrons, Faculty and Graduating Class

8:30 P. M. Final Meeting of the Y.M.C.A.—Academic Hall

### Monday, May 31st

9:00 A. M. Guard Mount "B" Company

10:30 A. M. Setting-up Exercises

3:00 P. M. Obstacle Course Exhibit

5:00 P. M. Dress Parade

8:30 P. M. Final Program of the Ciceronian Literary Society

President: Plat. Sgt. J. M. Brooke

Vice-President: Capt. F. R. Vass

Secretary: Lieut. R. E. Clay

Treasurer: Lieut. George Aguilera

Sgt. at Arms: Capt. R. C. Powell

### Declaimers

Cadets Kahn, Guggenheimer, Silverman, F., Venzler, Eborn, Caruso, Saunders, Boothe and Ingram.

### Debate

Subject: Resolved, that the United States should cooperate in the erection of a World Federation of Nations.

Affirmative: Cadets Suttle, Wilson, L., and Cross.

Negative: Cadets Smathers, Powell and Linstone.

### Tuesday, June 1st

9:00 A. M. Guard Mount "D" Company.

10:30 A. M. Setting-up Exercises

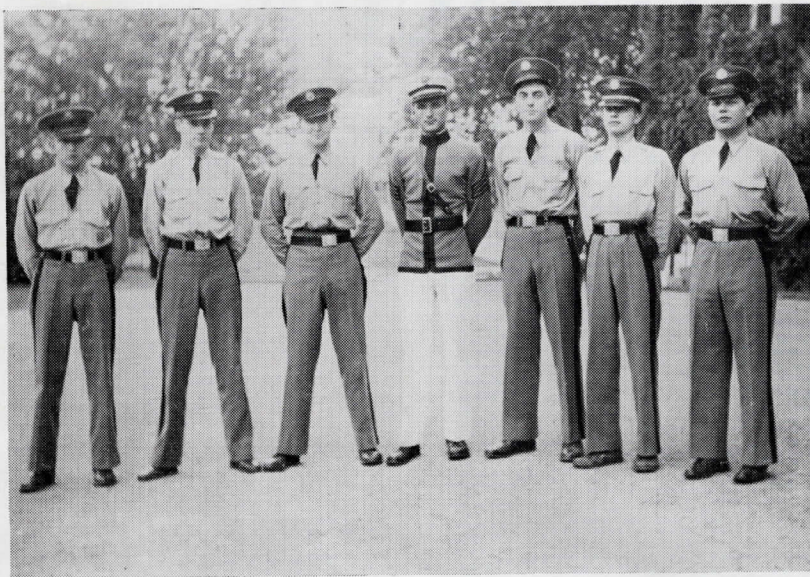
2:30 P. M. Competitive Drill

4:30 P. M. Review before Alumni

10:00 P. M. Final Ball.

(Continued on page 2)





### CADET CAPTAINS

Pictured above are the cadet captains of our cadet corps. They are from left to right, R. C. Powell, capt. of Co. "A"; R. J. Donovan, capt. of the band; Benj. Smathers, acting captain of Co. "C"; First Captain Cabaniss; C. C. McAtee, capt. and adjutant; F. R. Vass, captain of Co. "B", and Leonard Wilson, captain of Co. "D".

### FINALS

(Continued from page 1)

Wednesday, June 2nd

10:00 A. M. Closing Exercises—Gymnasium Auditorium.

Awarding of Certificates and Diplomas ..... Col. T. J. Roller

Awarding of Prizes, Medals and Military Honors ..... Maj. C. S. Roller, Jr.  
Address to Graduates—Hon. C. F. Williamson, Staunton, Va.

Valedictorian—Capt. E. D. Cabaniss, of Virginia.

12:00 Noon—Auld Lang Syne Parade—Front of Barracks.

### Y. M. C. A. BANQUET

Lieut. H. W. Lucas, faculty adviser of the Y.M.C.A. here, entertained at a banquet on Wednesday evening, May 19th, at seven in the evening, for members of the present Y.M.C.A. cabinet and the newly elected officers for next year. The affair was held in the private dining room of Chris' Restaurant in Staunton and covers were laid for sixteen. Among those that attended were: Lieut. Lucas, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Warren S. Robinson, Cadet Captain Frank R. Vass, President of the Y.M.C.A., Cadet Loy C. Collingwood, Vice-president; Cadet William C. Haycox, Treasurer; Cadet Lieut. Robert T. Linstone, Secretary; Cadet Lieut. David Eborn, newly elected president of the Y.M.C.A. for 1943-44; Cadet Lieut. William C. Stuart, newly elected vice-president; Cadet Terry

Tariche, newly elected secretary and treasurer. Cabinet members attending were: Cadets John C. Jansing, Michael Suttle, Gerry Reger, William Yount, Rafael Rodriguez and Patrick H. Georger.

Brief talks were made following the delicious dinner by Col. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Lieut. Lucas, Vass, Eborn, Stuart, Linstone, Rodriguez and Tariche. Special praise was given Mrs. Robinson, for her faithful service of a number of years as pianist, and intense interest that she has always shown in the Y.M.C.A. activities. Praise was also given Lieut. Lucas, who has given more to the Y.M.C.A. in the one year that he has been at its helm, than has been given the Y.M.C.A. in a number of years. A fine time was had by all attending and those present were greatly appreciative of Lieut. Lucas' generosity.

### FOUNDERS DAY BALL

The Founders Day Ball, held in the Memorial Gymnasium on the evening of Friday, May 14th, was met with unanimous approval by all attending and considered a grand success. The dances, the last of the Cotillion Club dances for the year, were held in the beautifully decorated Gym with flowing music of Charlie Hancher and his orchestra at the formal affair on Friday night and the AMA cadet orchestra under the direction of Lieut. Denard Engram at the informal on Saturday night, May 15th.

### CAPT. P. V. HOOVER

The Capable Faculty Advisor of the Bayonet and the Recall.

The Bayonets have been rolling off the presses since the early part of October and the 1943 Recall is soon to be in the hands of the cadets, but never once has the name of Captain Paul Vance Hoover, the man responsible for these publications, been mentioned. It was Captain Hoover who revived the Bayonet after several years of non-circulation and only through his efforts were we able to have an annual this year. His untiring efforts are known only to those few cadets on the two staffs, and it is those few cadets who have worked with him that really can appreciate his efforts. Consequently, it is they who give public praise to their faithful faculty adviser, Captain Hoover, the "Unsung Hero of the Recall and the Bayonet."

### AUGUSTA YIELDS

#### TO FISHBURNE

The track meet with Fishburne Military School, which was held on May 8, 1943, at Fishburne, was one of the closest of the season. The team put up a fine fight, but lost by a small margin, in the last few events to F.M.S. Coach, Captain P. B. Morrissey said that the boys did fine and looked exceptionally well.

The first event, the high hurdles, we took third in when Solon in the last heat dashed across the finish line. In the low hurdles Solon again came through for AMA by breaking the tape in fifteen and one-tenth seconds. The first running event, the hundred yard dash, Codling in a last minute spurt passed the man in front of him to place second, and Balsey third. Codling came across the finish line third in the two-hundred-twenty yard dash and Hamilton in the eight-hundred-eighty yard dash. AMA placed second and third in the one mile run with Hamilton and DeJarnette putting up a terrific fight and a last minute sprint which nearly gave us first place. Cross tied for second in the pole vault and took first in the high jump; and then went six inches higher. The greatest upset of the afternoon was when Solon broad jumped seventeen and one-tenth feet to take first place and Hamilton was third. The final event, the shot put, Cross threw the shot for forty and six-tenths feet to win and Tabakin came third. We hope Major Roller will let this team have a return meet with FMS as we are positive they will not again defeat us!



## CAPT. VASS

Frank Raymond Vass, captain of Company "B", remarks: "It has given me a great deal of pleasure to work with the corps this year and we have gone thru many hardships as well as pleasures. Some of us are leaving AMA this year forever and some of us for a long duration. It looked hard as we went along, but after it is all over we will look back on a well spent year.

"I wish to express my appreciation to each and every cadet in Company "B" for their untiring efforts and cooperation this year and in the years to come may you have the best of luck and success. I hope that you will always remember the friends that you have made here and some day, maybe, we will meet again. Good luck, fellows."

## ACTING CAPT. SMATHERS

Benjamin Smathers, acting captain of Company "C", in the absence of Captain Henry Louis Ingram, who at present is ill in the hospital, makes the following remarks: "I have been in 'C' Company three out of five years and I truthfully think that my appointments each of those three years have been luck. This company has a tradition that no other company has or ever will have, for six years straight 'C' Company has won the competitive drill. We are all mighty proud of this record and are going to try to make this the seventh straight year of winning the cup. I would like to say to everyone, that if I was to have five more years here, I would want them to be in 'C' Company."

## CAPT. WILSON

Leonard Wilson, captain of Company "D" says: "Yesterday it was September and tomorrow will be June. Yes, it has gone by very quickly and now we are about to leave. But we will always remember the friends that we loved and are about to leave. Maybe some day you and I will meet and we'll talk about the "good old days" and the boys who were the best friends anyone ever had. I know I'll never forget any of you, especially the boys in my company. So long fellows."

## CAPT. DONOVAN

Richard J. Donovan, captain of the band, remarks: "After four long years my days at Augusta are finally drawing to a close. As I look back I can remember many happy times with friends met here. There were sad times too, but in years to come we will probably look back on them and laugh.

"To all the boys in the band I would like to say 'thanks'. Through thick and thin they've backed me to

the limit, and with all odds against them they have tried to make music for the corps. Many of those boys never had a horn in their hands until they came to school last fall.

Forewell to all and the best of luck no matter what career you enter into. May we meet again in future years to talk over the old days at Augusta."

## CAPT. McATEE

Charles C. McAtee, captain and adjutant of the battalion staff, says: "Well fellows, four years have come to an end. It seems like yesterday that I first entered the school, and since that time things have rolled on and on, and years have gone by until now it is the year of years — I hope. I have enjoyed every minute of it. I shall in future years look back on the good old times I had in the ol' third stoop tower, and the good times I have had with all of the boys.

"This will undoubtedly be the last time I will ever have a chance to say anything in this manner, so to all of you, good luck and God speed."

## ALUMNI NEWS

J. W. Mahone '42 is now a corporal in the 347th anti-tank Company, stationed at Camp McCain, Miss., A.P.O. 448.

Beverly "Monk" Davis '42 entered the Army Friday, May 14th.

H. Ashton Powell '34, brother of cadet Powell, is going to officers candidate school in the coast artillery the last of this month.

Albert McCue '43 is now a first class private. His address is: Albert McCue 3353457, Company "B" 1st Eng. Combat Bn., Plattsburg Bks., N. Y.

Foote Cotton is at Camp Hauze, Texas. His address is Co. D 341st Inf., A.P.O. 450.

Joseph "Jerk" Smathers, brother of Cadet Smathers is now a private in the army air corps stationed in Mass.

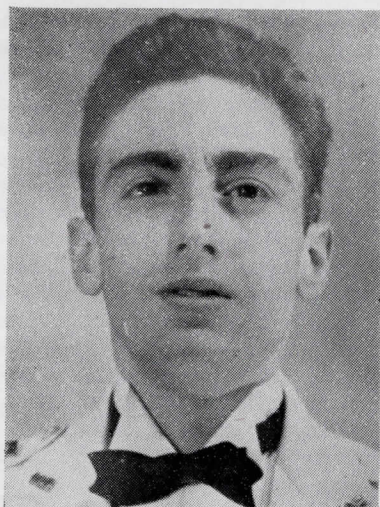
William Murcheson is a 1st Lt. stationed in Arizona.

Lt. Joseph Wasco '41 is stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. He is preparing to enter the parachute troops.

John B. Minor '42 who was 1st captain here last year is now a 2nd Lt. in the army.

Pvt. H. G. Preston who left AMA in February, has been transferred to Camp Gordon, Ga. His address is Reg. Hq. Co. 328 Inf. A.P.O. 26.

Pfc. B. C. Knicely, Jr., who enlisted in the U.S.M.C. on Sept. 21, 1942, is now stationed somewhere in the South Pacific and has been transferred from the Postoffice to the office. Pfc. Knicely will be remembered as a student of the Academy from '38 through '40.



Pictured above is John Morgan Brooke, the humor editor of the Bayonet, who during the past months has penned the famed "Backward March." Brooke has been a great asset to the Bayonet staff. Besides his literary abilities, he has artistic talent, as is demonstrated in his cartoons in the 1943 Recall.

## CAPTAINS GIVE

## FAREWELL MESSAGES

As the school year draws to an end, our cadet captains, who have been our cadet leaders this year, make a few farewell remarks:

## CAPT. CABANISS

Earl Cabaniss, our faithful and outstanding first captain, wishes to express to the corps of cadets his appreciation for the cooperation shown him in the capacity of first captain. As our president of the student body, he thanks us for the cooperation shown him in all matters dealing with that office. To the best of his ability he has tried to make a good first captain and student body president, and he has enjoyed being here and working with this year's corps. "Farewell," says "Cab", "until we meet again."

## CAPT. POWELL

Robert Conrad Powell, captain of Company "A" says: "This will be just about the last time you will hear from me, I bet you are glad. Seriously, though, I wish to thank you guys for the best year that we have had at AMA. We have had our little differences, but somehow or other they always seem to pan out 'okey.' Remember this: Our company can easily be the best if you want it to be. Sometimes you guys thought I was pretty unreasonable and tough, but when you get into the armed services, you'll probably see how easy I was. Good-bye and good luck, see you in the Army."



# The Bayonet

## THE STAFF

### Editor-in-Chief

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### Assistant Editor-in-Chief

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### Associate Editors

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Loy C. Collingswood  
Robert Porter  
Robert Guggenheimer

### Humor Editor

Jack M. Brooke

### Advertising-Circulation

Michael Suttle, Jr.  
Thomas B. Stanley

### Honorary Editor

H. GRANT PRESTON, JR.

### Chief Proof Reader

John L. Codling

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Dutton  
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Ham  
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Hevener, J.W.  
Hobbs  
Holt  
Ingram

Moody  
Moyer  
Pigg  
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Sherr  
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Small  
Stanley T.  
Stanley L.  
St. Clair  
Thomas W.J.  
Thomas, W.N.  
Thornhill  
Villanova  
Wilson, L.

## "TWENTY YEARS HENCE"

By

John Morgan Brooke

(Editor's Note: This is a Class Prophecy. In it I have tried to review some of the more outstanding personalities in school. Due to lack of column space, I have not been able to include as many as I had wished, but I trust that will not feel neglected. Perhaps it is just as well, for some boys' futures are bound to coincide with their present lives, and that might furnish excellent reference for the Police Department, the F.B.I., and others. Seriously, I really enjoyed writing for you this year, listening to your praise (?) and criticism, and am extremely sorry that I will not be with the Bayonet next year. It has been great fun. And now to our story; read on if you will. How capable I am as a prophet remains to be seen.)

I am the Spirit of the Senior Class of 1943. I'm not one of your ordinary, fictitious ghosts. I don't clank chains, or haunt old mansions, or frighten innocent people out of their wits. I don't go around reforming guys like Scrooge, either. And what's more, I don't move tables at seances or pretend to be somebody's dead brother Mortimer. I really exist, and will continue to exist, until the final note of Taps for the last man in the Class of '43 dies away to an echo. Then, and only then, will I cease to be a living spirit.

Now that the introduction is over, how about taking a little jaunt with me? Through the mists of Time, over the interminable cloudways of the Heavens. Speed through the Days, from the glory and splendor of sunrise to sunset, to the velvety calm and mysteriousness of twilight to dawn. Speed through the Months, from the omnious, inevitable coming of Autumn,

the icy chill of November, lashed with the cold wind and snow of December and mid-winter, then- drenched with the cooling rains of April and the sweet perfumery of May to the hot greenness of June and summertime. Speed through the Years, through joy and happiness to sorrow and disillusionment, through wars and peace, through Life and Death itself. Watch them all whirl by like leaves gusting down a street in the Fall. Does all this sound a little too fancy to you? Brother, it's Time in a nutshell. Come with me, and we'll take some of these years in one jump. How many? Oh, about twenty of 'em Skeptical, eh? O.K., here we go-hold on to your hat and your breath . . . .

Wham!! We made it, son, and in damn near no time at all. You now find yourself in the year 1963. Amazing, what a spirit can do these days, isn't it? Look around, get an eyeful. Sure, things have changed plenty, but you're a long way from where you was just at. Pardon my French. Suppose we tour around the country a bit, and I'll show you what my boys in the old AMA Class of '43 are doing now. Don't be surprised at what you see, as I never did have high hopes for some, and others were never slated to become President of the U.S. However, the majority of the lads are doing alright for themselves, and a few have even hit the big time . . . .

Passing through Atlantic City now, so let's stop in at the City Hall. Here we find none other than Benjamin Smathers. Dear old Ben. Back at AMA he was one of Major Roller's best boys. His father was the former Senator Smathers of New Jersey, and from him Ben inherited his love for politics. How well I remember Ben's debates at the famed old Ciceronian Literary Society meetings. He certainly was destined to smoke the ever-present cigar and wear the battered derby that marks the politico. He had a marvelous sense of oratory, when he knew what he was talking about. Great gift of gab, in other words. He was aiming at Washington, but, well, er- that's another story. "Bingo" now directs all the rackets in A.C., such as the numbers game, slot machines, casinos, horse racing, etc. Following in the footsteps of the late "Nucky" Johnson, and doing right well for himself. If you're ever looking around for an office in the Big Machine, Ben will fix you up. See that seedy-looking fellow talking to Smathers now? Well, he's the police commissioner. He used to be Ben's shoe shine boy. Nothing like advancement, is there?

Now we'll whisk up to New York and get the lowdown on what Robert Theodore Linstone's doing these hard-

## GRADUATION

Never before in the history of A.M. A. will graduation mean as much to the graduating cadet as it will this year. Our seniors are being graduated into a world in the midst of history's greatest war. Most of them will not march from here into the class rooms of some college or university, but into the service of their country. Their A.M.A. diplomas and high school certificates will probably be their only certificate of education, as a college education is something only to be hoped for after the war. As they go forth into this, the battle of all ages, they will realize the seriousness of the job ahead. They must gain the victory and the peace that follows, so that their children and the generations to follow might have the opportunities that they were not afforded. And so when the victory is won and they turn their thoughts back to dear old A.M.A. they will realize that the happiest days of their lives, have not been forgotten, although gone forever, those days at A.M.A.

—W. C. S.

## APRIL HONOR ROLL

Adams	Jones A.
Aguilera G.	Jones R.
Baron	Jordon
Bissell	Kahn
Bowers	Kearse
Bregman	Lum



bitten days. We'll most likely find him top-hatting around the night clubs, or up around Broadway and 42nd squiring burlesque's latest sensation. Say, that looks like Bob getting out of that limousine with the blonde on his arm. What he's wearing is called a zoot tuxedo. Combination, you know and his own creation. Looks prosperous, doesn't he? Well-I-I, don't let the get up fool you, son. It's only a front. Bob's famous chain of hotels (you've heard of them, haven't you everyone has, with no baths) folded up exactly one week after opening, and left him with his pockets inside out. He now manages to eke out a very meager living, plus what he chisels, by sweeping out the Stork Club three nights a week after the last floor show, and polishing glasses at the Famous Door. For awhile he did a spot in Harlem with Blue Lu Barker, who sang her specialty "Don't Get Me High" while Bob acted it in pantomime, but he didn't last long. How Bob keeps up appearances, no one knows. Always was a clever chap. Just ran into a bit of tough luck. They say he can really handle that broom, so I guess he'll work his way up there again. Let's hope for the best.

Interesting to look into the future, eh? Brother, if these guys could see where they're going to wind up, there'd be mass voluntary retirement to the monasteries in Tibet. And now let's zoom on a zephyr down to Alexandria, Va., and find out what goes with Robert Powell. "Staggie" had formerly chosen an Army career, went through the war, was decorated for heroism above and beyond the call of duty when he saved a litter of North African pigs from being burned alive on the spit by hunger-crazed Germans. He spent six years in the service and had arisen to the rank of corporal, when he was discharged after court-martial for marching half of a platoon over a cliff. In his usual slow, easy-going manner, "Staggie" took about ten minutes giving "to the rear, march" and by then it was too late. He returned home to Alexandria and took up his first love, the avocation of undertaking and embalming. Years passed, and Robert Powell had almost established a good name for himself, but not quite. He owned the largest funeral home in Alexandria and also had a large share in the city morgue. He worked on most of his customers personally, and that is what brought about his downfall. Here's what happened: One night "Staggie" was out on a big spree. A —, you might say. Why? Well, he just became tired of doing the same old thing day in and day out, and wanted some diversion. One doesn't meet very many

interesting people in funeral parlors, you know. They won't even accept a cigar and be sociable. Anyhow, "Staggie" rolled in the next morning with the milkman, well soused, and not with milk. He wandered drunkenly into the embalming room and there found a man waiting to see him. A dead man, of course. Looped as he was, "Staggie" began to make preparations to embalm the guy. Only instead of putting embalming fluid into the jabber, Powell got the bottles mixed up and shot the poor stiff full of Old Crow, straight. Can you imagine that? Well, nothing more to be done, Bob turned in and was soon in dreamland, and I'll bet he has some pretty horrible dreams. About an hour later, he was awakened from his deeply alcoholic slumber by screams and the sound of running feet. There was a great deal of noise and confusion. He leaped to the window, looked out, and saw to his horror- the man whom he had just embalmed awhile ago running around in circles in the street and singing "La Traviata" with a most delighted look on his reincarnated map. You guessed it, the liquor had brought the happy soul back to life, although only temporarily. People were terrified, and shunned Powell's Funeral Home from then on. They wanted their dead to either stay dead, or come back to life altogether, but certainly not rise up in Bacchanalian abandon for a few hours. As a result of this gruesome mistake, "Staggie" went out of business, and is now driving the town hearse. He's doing a good job of it, too, when he's not racing fire trucks and denting up the coffins in the back of the hearse. Sadistic? Definitely.

We're off again, this time to Newport News, Va. Crummy place, isn't it? Here in this rustic junction we find our old pal and buddy. Michael Suttle, Jr. Seems as if Mike has had rather a tough time of it. He formerly was the owner of the Suttle Motor Company, a fine enterprise with good profits to be gained, but Mike just didn't have the right technique. During the war, he had to give up selling cars legally, and began selling them illegally. One of the biggest black markets in Virginia. He didn't do so badly at this, seeing as how he sold new Buicks for around fifty bucks. After the war, Mike ran for Mayor of Newport News. Naturally, no one voted for him, because who wants a man as Mayor who goes around selling new cars for fifty semolians? In addition to this misfortune, Mike found that he had given away his few remaining cars as campaign presents, and all in vain. Therefore this left Mike with what? Right; nothing. Someone else took over the ruin of the once great

Suttle Motor Company in an endeavor to build it up again. Mike was lucky enough to secure a small position in the business which he once owned. Polishing the autos so they would be nice and shiny when the man came in to buy one. Just look in there through that window- that's Mike simonizing that Olds. Doesn't he look happy? He is happy. He doesn't earn so very much (\$13.21 per week), but at least he has no cares or worries. May you always be happy, Mike, at your new job.

Let's reverse our course this time, and run up to Fort Defiance, Va. You guessed it; we're paying a little visit to Augusta, our old Alma Mater. Yep, still running. The old place hasn't changed much, has it? Suppose we look in the commandant's office and see who's the big gun now. Boy oh boy, will you be surprised. Who would suspect that it's Charles F. McAtee himself, by God. Yes sir, successor to Major C. S. Roller and- why, you'd never know the difference. When Mac was a cadet here, he was known as "the man behind the throne". He knew more about what was going on around the joint than Big Boy did. He practically ran the institution. So Mac decided that he would stay here through the years and become an AMA big time operator, in the largest sense of the term. And he did, Major kept on putting Mac in charge of more and more of the school affairs and whatnot, repeating over and over again the phrase "What would I do without Mac?", until finally Mac gained control of the whole damn system. He became more and more powerful, and today you see him as Big Boy II. That's Mac in the front arch now, hollering: "O.C.! O.D.! Officer of the Day, Corporal, Orderly! One hundred dollars to the man who finds my O.D.!" By golly, if he doesn't sound exactly the way Major used to. It's amazing.

Get ready to take a big jump now, for miles through the ozone all the way down to Havana, Cuba, where we'll find the two Aguilera boys, George and Henry. George tried to crash Hollywood, but evidently didn't make it, for he's now singing Cuban love songs in some little waterfront dive. He always thought he could sing, but there were many differences of opinion on this point. Towever, if that's what the night-clubbers in Havana like, then who are we to defame the fine baritone of George Aguilera, the Cuban Nightingale? (Jorge prefers to be called the Songbird of South America. Salary: quince pesos por semana and all the rum he can hold each day before midnight.) We find that Enrique is working as a clerk in



a shoe factory. I am told that since he's been working there, twelve hundred pairs of shoes have been unaccounted for. Henry never was very proficient at math. He's married now, and has about sixteen children. See what I mean about math?

An even bigger jump coming up next, taking us all the way out to India, where you shall meet the famous Gen. Sir Norris Christopher Harrison, commander of the 13th Royal Fusiliers. He has been stationed at the historic garrison in the Pook-shab Hills for the last fifteen years. The King sent him there to get him out of the way, but keep this under your lid. Chris certainly cuts a fine figure, doesn't he, as he stands out there under the broiling sun, instructing his men to be extremely careful of sniping natives, who also try to entice the men into crooked crap games. Sometimes Chris is sort of hard to see, as half of him has been worn away due to constant exposure to desert winds and sandstorms. But the voice is still there. He is now harassing his men to the effect that they musn't bet too heavily on the camel races tomorrow, because they always lose, and that is the reason why they never have any money when he, Gen. Harrison, comes around trying to borrow some. Whatta life.

This time we'll wish back to the States . . . here we are way down yonder in New Orleans, looking around for Dick Clay and Red Brooke, those two foot-loose wanderers in far-flung places. From what I've heard, they've been around the world no less than thirty-nine times. What thrilling experiences they must have had. Let's see if we can find them now- yeah, there they are, sitting in the sun over there on that dock, throwing banana and grapefruit peels in the water. That was Clay who just fell in, but would Brooke make an effort to save him? Hell no. Too much trouble. It's this hot southern climate. Brooke has been writing books on their travels and Clay has been taking the pictures which go into the books. Naturally, you've never read any of these books because none of them have ever been published. To put it bluntly, they're not worth publishing. Let us leave these two dull fellows. We are merely wasting our time.

Onward, to the region around Galax, Va. You've probably never heard of Galax. Few people have, but it's there nevertheless. Galax is one of these small southern hamlets which are known by a certain popular expression. This expression is unable to be printed, so you might as well forget the whole thing, that is- if you are not already familiar with this expression.

Egad, what I'm struggling to get to is the fact that Galax is the home town of Our Boy, Frank Raymond Vass. When Frank was a cadet captain at Augusta, he was one of the most well-like fellows, was very successful while at school, and it was considered by everyone who knew anything at all that Frank would be very successful in later life. That just goes to show you that you can't hit the nail on the head everytime. F. R. Vass is now the proud proprietor of the only filling station in Galax. No doubt Frank thinks that he is successful, and maybe he is. There might be a slim possibility of his advancing some day from the lowly position of filling station attendant oops, pardon me- owner, to that of president of the Standard Oil Corporation, and if there is, it is very slim. So we'll leave Frank now, happily slopping around in the grease pit.

Next on our list are two of the world's greatest editors, William C. Stuart, III and John C. Jansing. Let's whip up to New York City again and sneak over to the offices of the New York Daily Pft-t-t, the only newspaper that prints a full page weather report during wartime that gives out no vital information. You figure it out; I can't. Both of these men are positively mad, due to long hectic years of making early morning deadlines, squabbling with syndicates, etc. At this moment they're arguing violently with the city editor as to whether or not Dick Tracy should be placed at the top of the comic page, or give way to the Gumps. Bill says that Tracy should play second fiddle to no one, much less Andy Gump. Jack is nothing more than Bill's yes man; therefore he agrees emphatically. He secretly prefers Terry and The Pirates. One would think that two large editors wouldn't even be concerned about such a trivial matter, but not these two. Look at them tear their hair and foam at the mouth, as they rave at the belittled city editor, who steadfastly refuses to move the Gumps out of first place. They're absolutely insane, which is why the type and pictures often appear in the Pft-t-t upside down. On a few occasions it has even hit the delivery stands perfectly blank. Shall we depart? I mean before we too go bats?

Getting tired, son? Well, we've only a few more calls to make and then back to the Present. Next stop is Pittsburgh, where we'll find William Gardner, the biggest labor man in the North. Bill has formed 2,968 unions in Pittsburgh alone. He has been arrested quite a number of times for causing disturbance by making public speeches on "How Labor Unions Harm Our Country". Sounds screwy, doesn't it? Bill claims that there ought

to be a union for everything. For instance, he recently formed a union, or "trade guild" as he prefers to call them, solely for those people who sew the "Made in Brooklyn" tags on those genuine Navajo blankets that the Indians sell to simple tourists out in Arizona. Let's not tarry here any longer, or before we know it, Bill will have us as members in good standing of the Hod Carriers and Brick Layers Union, and what do we know about carrying hods full of bricks? Not a damn thing, but that wouldn't worry him. Comes de ravalootion, everybody will belong to a union.

And now we'll wend our weary way down toward Baltimore, Md., a truly great city, in which resides a genius. Robert Guggenheimer by name, who constantly made the Honor Roll at the Augusta Military Academy, who got his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins University in exactly two years, then went three years to the University of Virginia for post graduate work in pornography. He is a master of all math, especially Advanced Calculus and Even More Advanced Calculus.

He is the guy who clears up all of Albert Einstein's back work. That's "Googy" in his study, trying to figure out by permutation how many different ways 50 men may be arranged around a bar. I'd rather figure out how many beers they can all drink and go and drink 'em myself. C'mon, "Goog", let's go out somewhere and fight off dehydration. Even geniuses need relaxation at times.

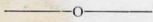
While we're in New York, we might as well walk over to the Fred Honey Cross Body-Building Center. Reputedly the best-equipped gymnasium in the country, the Cross Body-Building Center guarantees to change you, one way or another. "Whitey" reports that in the last month he has "made over" fourteen men, whose records are as follows: I man actually gained 25 pounds and added 4 inches to his chest. 3 inches to his biceps; 9 men in the hospital with nervous breakdowns; 4 men dead. Not bad, not bad. "Whitey" is now working on what he claims will be the greatest body-builder of all time- a moonray lamp, replacing the soon to be outmoded sunray lamp. His theory is that a good moon tan is more healthful than a good sun tan. One half hour dose of synthetic moonbeams every day and you'll be over-healthy. Maybe so, maybe so. A man has a perfect right to try to make his ideas bear fruit, has he not? Sure, "Whitey", sure. Keep right on working on this brain child of yours, and all the success in the world to you, Brother, you'll need it. Has it come to this then? Is this what Augusta trains her sons for? I suggest that you



and I take a powder, chum, while we can. . . .

Again we go roaring through space and Time with the speed and glare of lightning, dizzily watching the years flip back like pages in a book, finally bursting with a noise like thunder back into the Present, 1943. Enjoy your trip? Sure you did. Buddy, it's not everyone who can see what you just saw. And then, considering just what we did see, maybe they wouldn't want to.

No offense meant; they're my boys and I love 'em all. Sorry we couldn't stay in 1963 longer, but I'm losing my ectoplasm (that's the stuff that allows me to become visible) and I have to get a new supply while my rationing ticket's good. See you again sometime, maybe.



### A LETTER TO THE CORPS

From our P. M. S. & T., Lt. Ralph E. Carlson

The opportunity of expressing a few thoughts of mine in this, the last issue of *The Bayonet* for the academic year of 1942-43, is appreciated.

Without a doubt the topic of greatest interest in the Corps of Cadets is the subject of the results of Government Inspection. To be perfectly frank with you all, it is my greatest interest also, and my fervent hope, that your splendid efforts will be rewarded with an Honor School rating this year. Certainly we could not ask for more competent men than the Colonels Barnett and Danielson to fairly rate our endeavors to put the stars back on the sleeves. However, we must be perfectly honest with ourselves and admit that it is not "in the bag". There were as we all know some "boners" made, but these might of course have been made by other institutions being inspected also. The new method of theoretical testing also injects an unknown quantity into our estimates of the situation. These papers are being graded at headquarters and are being weighed relatively in reference to the performance of the average school. We have had some tough breaks, we hope for the best, but I believe that we are also tough enough in moral fibre (or A.M.A. is not the school I think it to be) to do as Doctor "Ace" Holcomb said the other night, namely, "to keep our chins up," in the event of adversity. Likewise I believe that the Corps knows how to take success graciously and gentlemanly. My official opinion is that the edge is on our side. Results ought to be published on or about the first of June. It might occur however, that the date will be extended due to the pressure of war conditions. It would be mighty nice to have an affirmative answer to cele-

brate during the finals. Let's keep the right mental thought! You have fought hard and willingly cooperated to this end and DESERVE it.

This letter to the Corps could not possibly be complete without a statement expressing my sincere appreciation of many kindnesses afforded both myself and Mrs. Carlson during our six weeks stay at A.M.A. Both faculty and students have in every instance made our attendance here feel just like home. We would be senseless indeed not to have felt the warm and genuine friendship and brotherhood that permeates the campus and atmosphere at A.M.A. My advent to your school was, as you all undoubtedly know, a rather trying experience. Your glowing initiative and willing cooperation helped to smooth-out the wrinkles. You put out freely, generously and sincerely. I believe that I know now why the eyes of old A.M.A. alumnae light up when they talk about their memories of school days. Of course you were not angels, but I suspect that they were not either. Fancy trimmings do not measure your school's value. It is registered by more enduring qualities—those of love and close community of understanding.

May I at this point inject a word or two of paternal advice. There appears to be a general lack among the cadets of application and study towards academic studies aside from military tactics. This failing is undoubtedly due to two causes. First, there is a lack of appreciation among the cadets of the fact that every officer and gentleman must have a cultural background and depth of understanding for subjects of social and scientific importance as well as an accurate knowledge of Military Science. Such attributes, of course, breed self-confidence and no officer will amount to anything without the calm conviction that he is well informed. No leader can succeed without this "learning-conditioned" poise. Secondly, there is a lack of ability, or rather the knowledge, of how to study. Correct study habits are of course created only by virtue of mental and moral discipline. A well disciplined cadet can study with more concentration and less distortion of thought than an unruly, untrained, and undisciplined cadet. Productivity of learning per minute increases with one's ability to eliminate extraneous and foreign thoughts from the mind when dealing with a specific subject. Comprehension becomes fuller, and retention lasts longer. Military training is very helpful towards developing mental and moral discipline. It affords the cadet a faculty of mental control that he can transfer to all walks and endeavors of life.

I wonder if you fellows know how fortunate you are to have, especially times like these, a real topnotch faculty. I trust that you will check up on your status and determine whether or not you are working to your best capacity in your academic work. Your faculty is not only willing, but really eager to help you. After all, if you were to buy groceries at the store, you would see to it that you received all the items that you paid for or know the reason why. Why leave your bundles here on the school shelves, after you have paid for them and bought them with your parents' money? Think this over a little. May I also add that some day in the future your son might be attending A.M.A. and get a peek at your grades when you were here. That might be embarrassing, especially, if after you have learned the lesson, you are trying to get your son to appreciate its importance.

Finally, it is only just and proper that a few parting words be expressed for the benefit of those of our young men who are to shortly enter the service. They go forth well prepared to enter the service, either in ranks or as officers as the case may be. Those who enter ranks will undoubtedly within a short period of time find access to a commission—their military training at A.M.A. standing them in good stead, and hastening their progress and advancement. Those who were fortunate enough to be chosen in the limited number of quota candidates allowed to our school by the War Department will be entering officers' candidate School a bit sooner than the others. The major advantage of being on the quota list is that of time. Others who were chosen for the list may in a relatively brief period earn their way to Officers' Candidate School through excellence in their basic training programs. Of course, it is not a certainty that all quota men will complete OCS, for the course is very intensive and exacting of time and energy, and many a good man has not made the grade. In fact, it may even be an advantage to those who are not on the quota to have a period of basic training before they might be selected for the special service school. Since the quota men have to start in immediately with intensive work shortly after graduating. Certainly the fact that they are on the quota does not in itself guarantee success without commensurate effort. The quota list was determined by the PMS&T with the recommendations made by Major Roller and Colonel Harris being used as complementary checks on his judgment. Cadet records were rated relatively both for academic work and tactics work. The general development of



each man in respect to character, leadership, initiative, self-sacrifice, courage, decision, self-confidence, moral ascendancy, paternalism, and dignity was weighed and considered seriously. It was felt that each of the above mentioned traits was one of the components of the full portrait of an officer.

The fact that five men were chosen out of the entire MS group should of course not mean at all that the others lacked these qualities. It merely means that it was thought that the five chosen men had relatively more, or the best combination of all of these. It might readily be proven by the relative rate of advance and promotion of those who were not chosen compared to those who were, that the decision was not as accurate as it should be.

As pertains to the quality of leadership, perhaps the following points of advice might be useful to our senior group:

1. There is no substitute for accurate knowledge.
2. Know thoroughly not only the duties of your grade, but also that at least two grades higher.
3. Learn to stand on your own feet and speak without embarrassment.
4. Gain and maintain as much physical vitality, endurance, and moral force, and self-control as you can possibly muster.
5. Don't fly off the handle.
6. Make light of your troubles and belittle your trials.
7. Search for the ability to see the right and the will to do it.
8. Live the kind of life you would want your men to live.
9. Do not be loud-mouthed or profane.
10. Don't turn a man in trouble away from your door.
11. Be more solicitous for the comfort of your men than for your own comfort.
12. Do not demand needless exertion or useless labor of your men.
13. Apply remedies and penalties only to effect a cure, not merely to see the victim squirm.
14. Give premiums and rewards as well as punishment, and just as regularly.
15. The man who always takes and

never gives is not a leader.

16. Do not abuse the privileges of your rank.

17. Courtesy, consideration and respect should be shown to officer and enlisted man alike.

18. Make full preparation for all tasks to be done.

19. In an emergency any reasonable order is better than none.

20. Act calmly and promptly in emergencies.

21. Do not encourage undue familiarity with your men.

22. If you are worthy of loyalty and respect you will get it automatically without courting it.

23. Have the moral courage to adhere to a determined course of action.

24. Do not let personal feelings interfere with a strict sense of justice.

25. Courage is fear with a prayer and faith in God.

26. Don't ask any man to go where you wouldn't go yourself.

27. Know your men; know your business; know yourself.

### JANSING IN NAVY

John Curry Jansing, editor-in-chief of the Bayonet, has recently been sworn into the United States Naval Reserves, under the Navy's V-12 college training program. He had previously passed his physical and mental examinations and went to Washington, D. C. on May 20th and was officially sworn into the service of the Navy. He expects to be called to college the first of July, and at present is classified as being on inactive duty.

### SMALL—U.S.N.R.

Cadet R. Clayton Small was sworn into the United States Navy Reserve as an apprentice seaman class V-12 May 19th. Cadet Small had passed his mental and physical examination in order to qualify for this class. He will be ordered to college on July 1st,

where he will spend approximately two years. At the end of this time he will be commissioned as an Ensign in the Naval Reserve. We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Cadet Small and wish him the best of luck.

### FINAL BALL 1943

At last the dreams of the cadets at Augusta Military Academy will be realized. The thing that each cadet has been looking forward to is almost upon us. This year's Final Ball is going to be the largest and most gala Final Ball in the history of the school, not only because of the huge enrollment this year but mainly because the large majority of the cadets will enter the armed services after school is out, and they will want to make this dance their final salute to private life.

The President of the Final Ball committee, Frank Vass, will lead the dance with Miss Mary Leonard. The assistant leaders will be, Cadet Capt. Michael Suttle, Jr., with Miss Norma Jones; Capt. Cadet Leonard Wilson with Miss Hortense Ackerman; Cadet 1st Lt. George Aguilera with Miss Mary Ann Thompson, and Cadet 2nd Lt. Henry Aguilera with Miss Silvia Moore.

The music for this annual affair will be supplied by Johnny Satterfield and his famous orchestra. Being as the price of the Final Ball was so drastically cut this year we feel that Frank Vass has done a marvelous job in procuring this band. All credit must be given to Mr. Vass for his untiring efforts in making this a successful dance. We feel sure that this Final Ball will be one that will remain in the memories of everyone who attends.

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